

GHOST

TRAVEL NUMBER



What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Julius Caesar
Act II, Scene 1

**"A dish fit for the
gods" ~ ~**

Et tu, Brute! Authorities are agreed that Brutus was the best of the lot. He knew his stuff. Two thousand years makes no difference with a man like that. With a glass of Coca-Cola in his hand, you can easily imagine him saying further:

"Delicious and Refreshing"
"Refresh yourself"

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

***8 million
a day***

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

3-CM

Foiled Again

"Kiss me, papa," cooed the blond baby, as she edged up to the traveling salesman.

"Hell!" exclaimed he, "and I thought this was my first visit to this town."

—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

**Our System**

His Girl Friend (admiringly): "How in the world do you make up your jokes, Mark?"

Mark Twain: "I sit down and laugh, and then think backwards."

—*Virginia Reel.*

PAUL PEARLMAN**BOOKS**

COLLEGE — MISCELLANEOUS

CURRENT FICTION

JOIN OUR CIRCULATING LIBRARY

NOTEBOOKS — CARDS — STATIONERY

1711 G STREET, N. W.

MAIN 3543

THE NEAREST STORE TO THE
UNIVERSITY

Easter Greetings

H. J. MacLaughlin & Co.

Delightful Lunches at Our Modern Electric Fountain
Hot and Cold Drinks

Johnston's
AND
Norris'

Delicious Candies

SMOKES

MAGAZINES

Toilet Articles Stationery
Patent Medicines

18th and G Streets, N. W.
Main 9881

Open until 11:30 P. M.
On Your Way to G. W. U.

The Joys of Travel

First One: "How ya going to Europe this summer?"

Second One: "By rail."

First One: "Yer nuts."

Second One: "Honest. Going to have my foot on it all the way over."

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

**A Hard Problem**

"My husband is a lingerie salesman."

"How do you keep him interested?"

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

Sahara Sensation

RESTAURANT MADRILLON

NEW WASHINGTON BLDG.
15th and New York Ave.

Don't walk a mile for a
camel when here you can
pick from a whole caravan.

Luncheon Dinner
55c 1.00 \$1.50 2.00

Also a la carte

Tea Dancing

Saturday and Sunday Afternoons 75c

No Cover Charge

Franklin 8160

Super-Selective

Proud Father (showing triplets to visit-
or): "What do you think of them?"

Tom (pointing to one in middle): "I'd
keep that one."

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*



Limerick

There was a young girl in Madrid
Who said, "No I don't"—but she did.

So need I explain

Why, whenever in Spain

A party was thrown, she was bid?

—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

A City of Ill Repute

Father: "I saw a girl friend of yours in
the Orient this summer."

Daughter: "Bagdad?"

Father: "No, she appeared to be a very
nice girl."

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



Something Wrong

"Where were you born?"

"In a hospital."

"No kiddin'! What was the matter with
you?"

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



*If you want to forget that
you're not at home, eat at the*

Park Road Coffee Shop

1404 Park Road

C. A. PEARSON Main 6977 D. C. CRAIN

G. W. Senior Rings

PEARSON & CRAIN

JEWELERS

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, FAVORS

1329 F Street, N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Quality sent P.A. to the head of the class

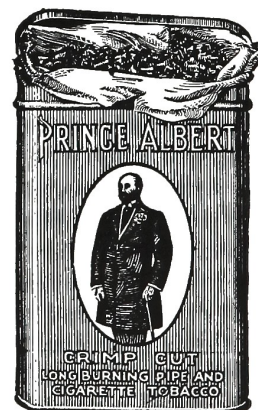


YEARS ago, P. A. showed a clean pair of heels to the field of smoking-tobaccos. It has maintained its lead ever since, putting more distance behind it every year. There must be a reason why P. A. is the world's largest-selling brand.

There *is*! Open a tidy red tin and get a full breath of that class-by-itself fragrance. Then tamp a load into the bowl of your pipe and light up. The first pull tells you why more men smoke P. A. than any other brand. Cool and smooth and mellow and mild—not for one pipe-load, but always. Try this long-burning tobacco, Fellows. You'll say so!

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



*If you vibrate to
quality, you'll gravi-
tate to P.A.*



Wardman Park Hotel

Music by Meyer Davis'
Wardman Park
Orchestra

with added attractions

COVER CHARGE

MONDAY TO THURSDAY Inclusive 50c.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY \$1.10

Phone
Columbia 2000



Page H. R. H. Wales

Damon: "Egad, Pythias, didst enjoy the horse show?"

Pythias: "Odds bodkins, and how. A marey time was had by all."

—W. & L. Mink.



Solved At Last

Algy: "What becomes of your lap when you stand up?"

Reggy: "It retires to the rear and pops up under an assumed name."

—Virginia Reel.



Onward Christian Soldiers

It was noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning: "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet."

A shrill, clear voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned around as one, and among the sea of brown faces could be distinguished one small, delicate yellow one.

The genial priest straightened up and smiled. "There seems to be a little Confucian here," he said.

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.



WOODWARD & LOTHROP

10th, 11th, F and G Streets

YOUNG MAN

or

YOUNG WOMAN

Whatever your apparel needs may be—from a Handkerchief to a Hat—may be found here—at most reasonable prices.

Men's Apparel, 2nd Floor

Women's and Misses' Apparel, 3rd Floor

G. W. U.
PENNANTS — PINS — BELT BUCKLES
STATIONERY

FOUNTAIN PENS

PARKER — WATERMAN — SHAEFFER

TRY OUR SUPERB SANDWICHES

Sundaes and Sodas RIGHT

QUIGLEY'S

Prescription Pharmacy

Cor. 21st and G Streets, N.W.

Franklin 6591—Phones—Franklin 6461

Travel

Number



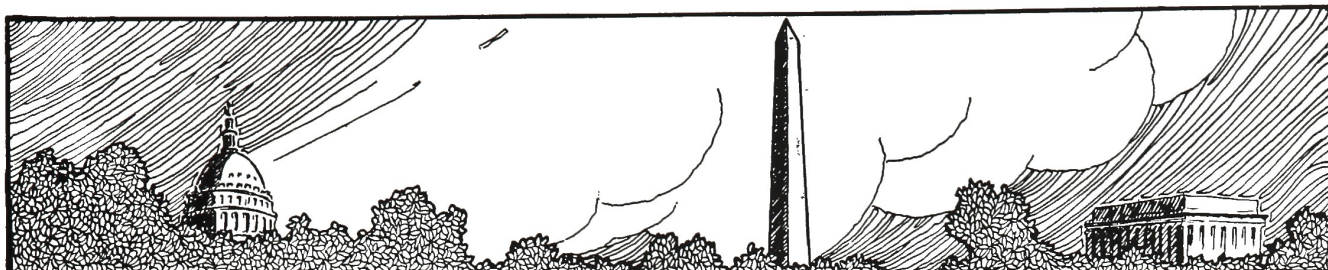
COVER BY MR. CHARLES DUNN

Entitled by the Artist "*The World's a Merry Go Round,
or The Six Ages of Man*"

IN THE PALEOLITHIC AGE	page 6
CAMPUS CHATTER	7
THE ROVER BOYS IN THE SAHARA	11
TRAVELING IN THE TROPICS	15
THE WORLD TRAVELS	18
THE DASHAWAY GIRLS IN THE ORIENT	19
AS TO BOOKS	21
TIMELY TUNES	22



THE PALEOLITHIC intelligentsia launch a campaign of protest against crass materialistic tendencies, evidenced by the welcome tendered by his home town to John Neanderthal Babbitt, who, by journeying eighty-three miles, has become the most widely traveled person in the world.



the George Washington ghost

VOLUME IV

APRIL 1928

NUMBER 7

CAMPUS CHATTER

NEXT TO stealing a street car, our greatest ambition has always been to own a big trunk with travel stickers pasted all over it—apprising the baggagemen of the fact that you have actually been in Tokyo, Constantinople, Turin, Bombay, Rio de Janeiro and such places. Baggage-men always take better care of a trunk when it has a lot of stickers on it.

This is our Travel Number; we are sure it contains a few remote facts about foreign lands which have slipped your mind since you studied Geography. Before going any further we wish to promise one thing—you will not find any travel jokes which read: “. . . so I sez to him, URAL wet. Come into the house and I’ll FIJI. Waiter, SWEDEN my coffee and DEN-MARK my bill.” This is the sort of thing that is ruining our country today.

AS A GENERAL rule, would-be travelers may be divided into two classes:

1) those who have the money to

travel, but don’t know where they want to go;

2) those who know where they want to go, but haven’t the money to go there. Now here’s the proposition. If we help you to select a place to go, we shall certainly expect you to reciprocate by donating money to us.

Our Mr. Tattersall, who has



sailed the seven seas and has a wife in every port, has been of meagre assistance in preparing this Baedeker of Places To Go. In the fewest possible words we shall endeavor to give you a line on most of the foreign countries. At this time we desire to thank Col. Lindbergh for certain information which he gave us, and

Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin, who read the proofs. Hold tight and don’t stand up.

ENGLAND: Not bad, except for the fact that the Americans seem to gripe the English something terrible, which is more or less to be expected. American cigarettes, 15c per pack, cost about 60c in England, while English tobacco would never cause anyone to walk a mile. We hear quite a bit about the ale shops on High Street.

FRANCE: In Paris are the most reckless taxi drivers in the world, who gesticulate wildly if your tip doesn’t suit them. Watch out for champagne and cognac; you leave the restaurant on a Tuesday night thinking you are sober as an owl, and you wake up the next Friday with a terrible jag. The women of Paris are reputed to know their groceries.

GERMANY: Everybody says the Germans treat you swell; good food, good service and all that sort of thing. In spite of

(Continued on page 13)



"This letter says my brother is going to Europe this summer."

"On a fellowship?"

"No, on a cattle ship."



Sophisticated

Jeanne, aged 5, had just returned from her first day at school.

She walked into the house with a dejected air. "I don't like school," she announced, "because they have examinations."

"What examination did you have, Jeanne," asked her mother.

"Physical," was the reply.



The Esquimos are God's frozen people.



The battleship was in port, and visitors were being shown around. The guide was exhibiting a bronze tablet set in the deck.

"Here is where our gallant captain fell."

A nervous old lady interrupted him.

"No wonder. I nearly tripped over it myself."

Then Why Worry?

Stewardent (To officer trying to pick up a man lying in the gutter): "He's not drunk; I just saw his arm move."



Little boy (visiting Washington for the first time): "When are we going to see all that red tape?"



Professor: Kindly observe the examination rules printed on the front of the bloobooks, and will the gentleman on the end of the last row please put his cuffs on the desk?



"Yoo-hoo, Johnny! Why don't you chump?"

Just Imagine

"They asked me to play, and how proud I was as I approached the piano."

"Yes."

"But imagine my chagrin when I found I did not have a nickel in change."



Irate Father: "What, you and this man are married?"

Daughter: "Why, Father, don't you read the papers?"



Father: "So you're anxious to become my son-in-law."

Young Man: "Well, not exactly, but I do want to marry your daughter."



Gail: "You say you were almost drowned in Italy?"

Gob: "Yeah, I got in a street fight in Venice."



"Is this good gin?"

"It must be, the bootlegger let me have it on credit."

Ma: "Dad, I'm kinda worried about our daughter."

Dad: "How come?"

Mother: "Well, when she started going on auto rides I gave her a pair of roller skates, and they don't seem to show any wear."



First Deb: "I turned my back on him."

Second Deb: "And then . . .?"

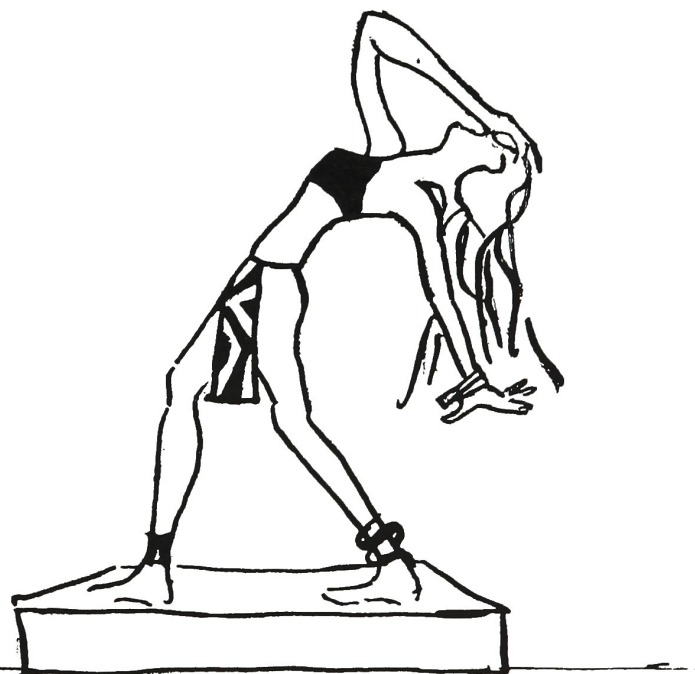
First Deb: "He recognized me."



Western Humor

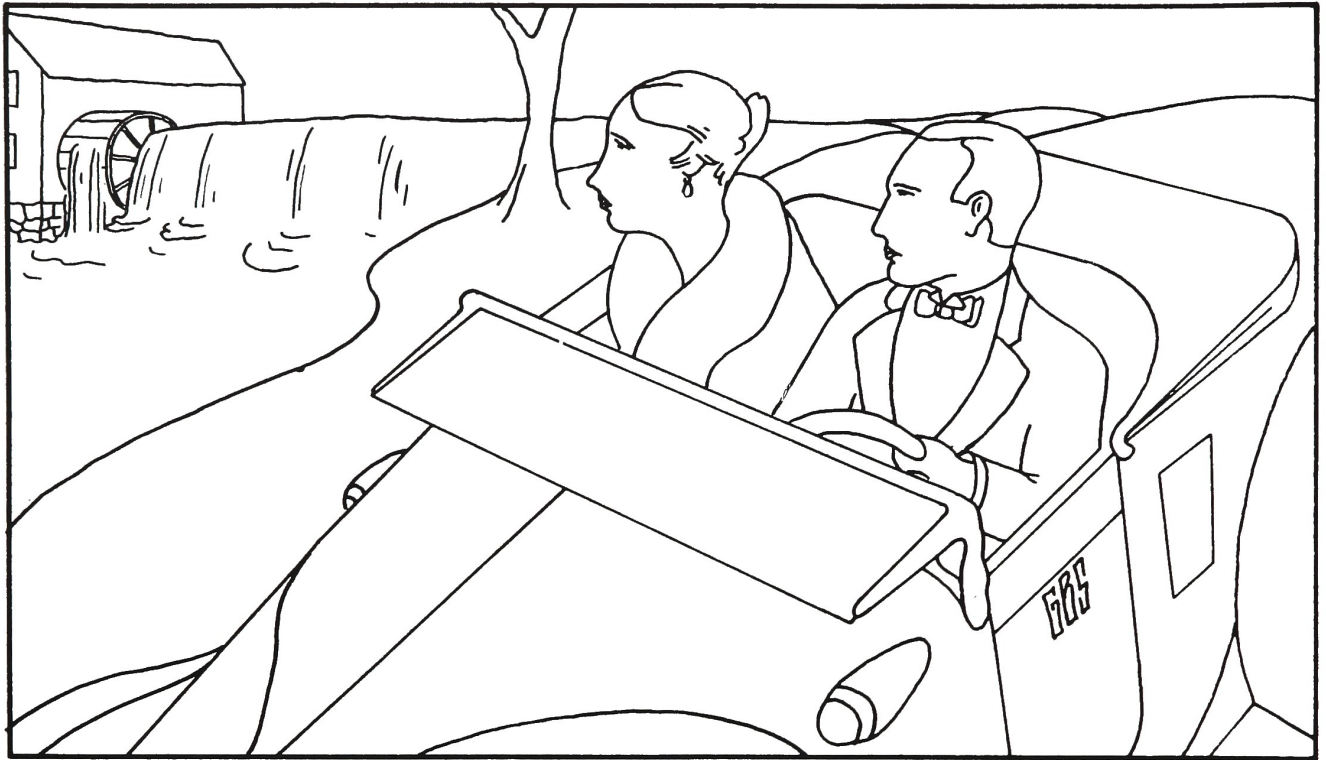
"Say, Bill, what kind of quarters do you have out on your new ranch?"

"Oh, silver as usual."



STEWART.

A GIRL DRAWN AWAY FROM HOME



"May I kiss you?"
 "Not by a dam site."

~*~

Y. M.: "Sorry we're late. The car's to blame for what happened to Dorothy, we couldn't get her started."

Mother: "That's the first complaint I've had about my daughter."

Business Man: "And what can I do for you, sir?"

Salesman: "I came to see if you wished your subscription to the art magazine re-nude."

~*~

~*~

Call a Cop!

Cop: "You're arrested for not having a red light on the rear of your auto."

Victim: "But Officer, it's not that kind of a car."

~*~

Travelling Secretary: "And where did you come from?"

Pledge: "The Lord made me, sir."

T. S.: "Ah! The reason for atheists."

~*~

Dad: "Son, wasn't that a new blond you were out with last night?"

Son: "Yes, but the same girl."

He: "Dearest, I love you terribly."

She: "You certainly do."

~*~

Classified ad in The Washington Sunday Star:

YOUNG WIDOW, refined; will tidy apartment, cook dinner, sing or play for you. Need me? Phone Cleveland 2634.

What's the catch?

~*~

At the Willard

Waitress: What's the matter? Isn't the goulash all right?

Waiting: Are you sure you didn't bring me galoshes instead?

THE ROVER BOYS IN THE SAHARA

Or How Jack Lockwill Was Cured of Ingrown Toenails

Chapter 1

THE RED FOX PATROL of the Sunnyvale Boy Scouts was seated around the camp fire, talking about things in general. The scoutmaster was a man named Heitsmeuller, who ran a butcher shop. Conversation shifted from one thing to another—woodcraft, politics, the solar system, the correct way to preserve tomatoes, and such things. For no good reason at all the talk shifted to women, but fortunately at this time a Western Union messenger rode up, and in a clear staccato voice announced: "Telegram for Jack Lockwill."

"Oh, what can it be?" muttered Jack pensively.

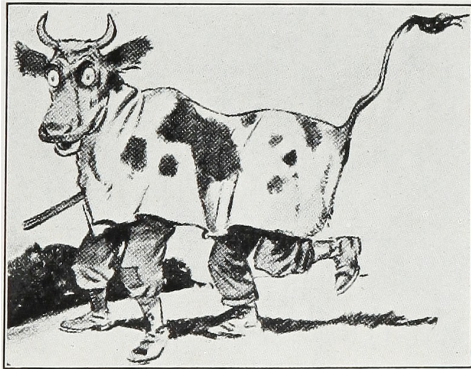
A tense silence now pervaded the camp, as each boy strained his ears to learn what the message said.

"Fellows," said Jack, "it's from my old Uncle Tom in the Sahara Desert. He says the Arabs are stealing his tablecloths, and he wants the Red Fox Patrol to assist him in his time of need. What do you say, fellows?"

"We'll go," "we'll go," "sure, we'll go," came the cry from all sides, and a few of the boys even went so far as to say "Hurrah for Uncle Tom."

Chapter 2

WHEN THE BOYS arrived at Uncle Tom's farm in the Sahara they found everything in a mess. The beds were not made, the dishes were



"A tense silence now pervaded the camp . . ."

stacked in the sink, the snow had not been shoveled off the sidewalk, and Uncle Tom was nowhere to be found.

"Ah," said Jack, "it looks as if there had been dirty work."

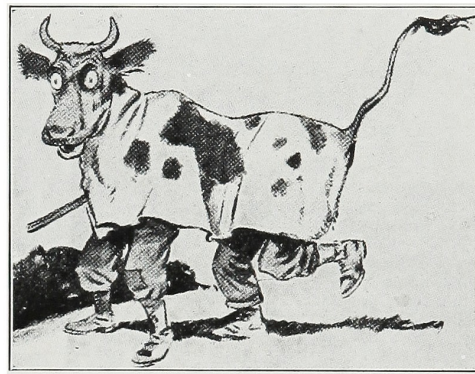
"'Deed it does," responded a lad, whose home was in Vermont.

"Boys," spoke Jack, "I am going to search for Uncle Tom."

And so Jack mounted his bicycle (or "bike", as he called it) and rode off into the desert. He had not gone far, however, before a sandstorm came up and Jack found himself surrounded by vast expanses of white sand, which is not very good to eat.

Chapter 3

MEANWHILE things were happening at Uncle Tom's place. Frank Merriwell, one of Jack's closest boy friends, had mounted into an old tree



"Frank Merriwell had mounted into an old tree . . ."

and had begun to wig-wag with the regulation Boy Scout signal flags.

Imagine Jack Lockwill's surprise, when looking into the distance, 489 miles away, he distinctly saw someone signalling in code. Pulling his trick spy-glass from his pocket he soon discerned that it was none other than Frank Merriwell—with the spy-glass he could even see the wart on Frank's little finger.

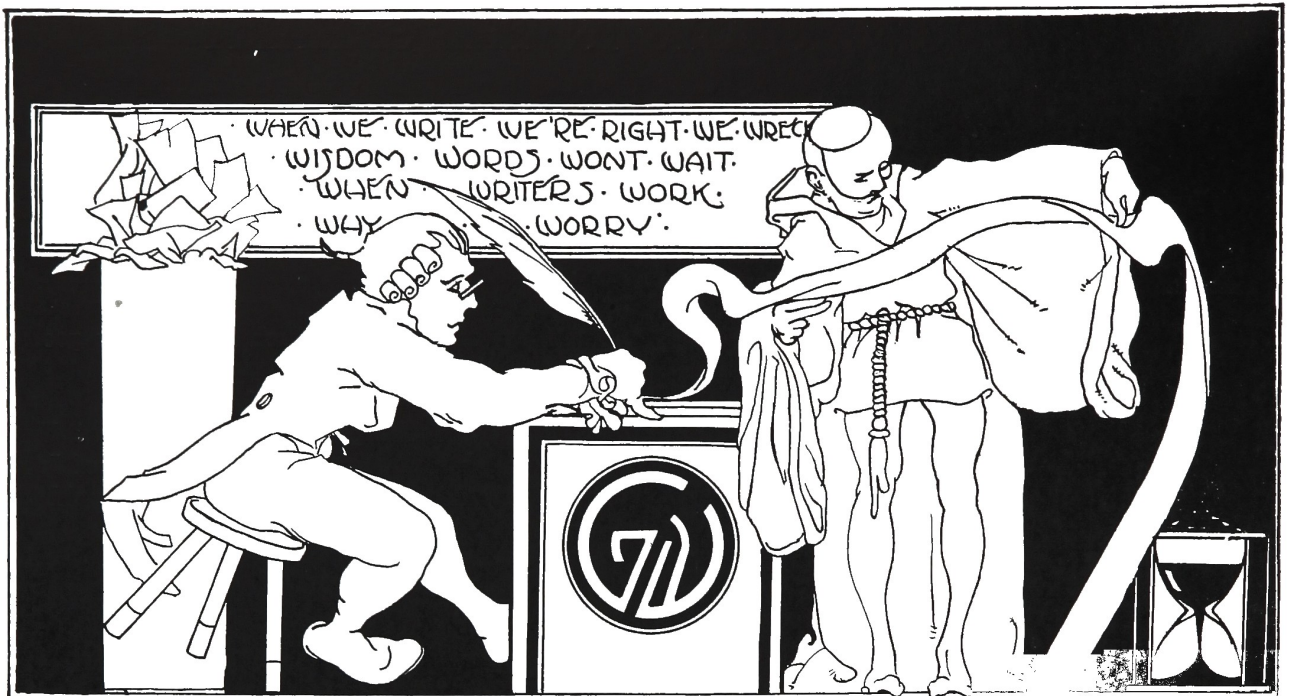
Slowly he deciphered the message, letter by letter, which told him: "C-o-m-e b-a-c-k, U-n-c-l-e T-o-m i-s h-i-d-i-n-g i-n t-h-e c-l-o-s-e-t."

"Well I'll be jiggered," avowed Jack, as he once more mounted his "bike" and prepared to return. He had not gone far, however, until he came upon a strange man, who leveled a pistol at Jack and commanded him to dismount.

"What do you wish of me, sir, and who are you?" said Jack in his native Sanskrit tongue.

"My name is Beau Geste," said the stranger, speaking in Pig Latin, "and I am looking for a cigarette lighter that really works."

To be continued in our next book, "The Rover Boys in Sing Sing, Or What Frank Merriwell Saw Through A Keyhole."



The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

Vol. IV.

April 1928

No. 7

BOARD OF CONTROL

JOE DAVIS WALSTROM
Editor

ROWLAND LYON
Art Editor

ELBERT L. HUBER
Associate Editor

HOWARD M. BAGGETT
Alumni Advisor

R. CAMPBELL STARR
President, G. W. Press Club

ART STAFF

Marion Stewart
Helen Buchalter
Peggy Somervell
Sally Osborn
Cecelia Fruitman

Charles E Shreve
Francis Tompkins
Gordon Scheibell
Curran de Bruler
Elizabeth Bunten

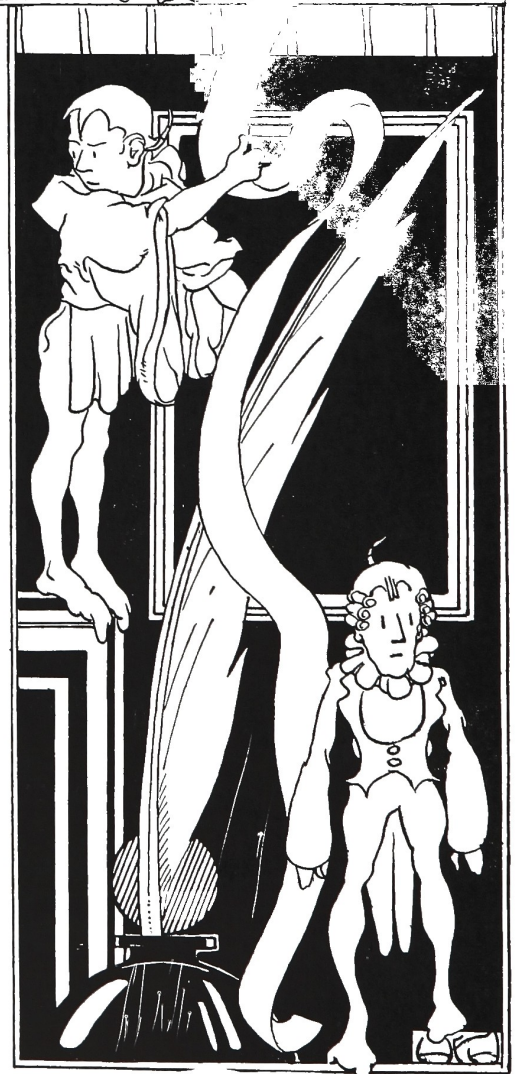
Burns D. Price
Virginia Latterner
Rodney Tattersall
Jack Milligan
William A. Blain

Faculty Advisor: HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE

This month's cover by Mr. Charles Dunn.

Copyright 1928 by the George Washington University Press Club, Washington, D. C.
Exclusive reprint rights granted to CollegeHumor. Published eight times during
the school year; subscription, by mail, \$1.75 per year.

Drawings and literary contributions by students solicited. Address all communications and contributions to The GHOST, George Washington University, Washington, D. C.



CAMPUS CHATTER

(Continued from Page 13)

the increasing enrollment at Old Heidelberg a steady supply of good beer seems assured.

SCANDANAVIA: Near the Land of the Midnight Sun—for several months out of the year it doesn't get dark at night, which ought to make it pretty tough on the night clubs. Traffic is rather congested in Norway on account of the large number of Fjords. (Pardon us).

ITALY: For some unknown reason the Italians have acquired a superiority complex since the advent of Il Duce. About fifty percent of the population are either Facisti soldiers or priests, the former being rather annoying at times. The bedbugs in some of the hotels have the typical Mussolini verve and vigor.

SPAIN: The small knowledge we have of Spain was gleaned from Dean Doyle's 2d year Spanish course and some of Ernest Hemingway's books. By these



sources we have been impressed as follows: . . . lots of sunshine . . . chief industry is bull-fighting . . . the male Spaniard usually makes a good husband . . . fishing is good . . . *Como esta Vd.?* . . . Spain is a hilly country.

ASIA MINOR: This covers a lot of territory, but we have a hunch that it is pretty much of the same thing. If you go there you certainly don't want to overlook the starving Armenians, which must be *some* spectacle. We are informed that the bedbugs in this country are often

white, and if bitten by one of these animals you succumb to an almost fatal fever. They also have the brown (domestic) bedbug. One writer claims that insect powder only stimulates them, and that the more acrobatic of the species followed him even when he crawled up in the train's baggage rack.

AFRICA: In northern Africa the Foreign Legion holds forth, fighting with the desert tribes when they are not making movies. As for Egypt, the Palmolive advertisements have convinced us that it is a wonderful country. In Central Africa the animals have it pretty much to themselves, although a monkey in the Zoo once confessed to us that sanitation was not so good in the jungle. In south Africa the women of the social set play bridge for \$1 a point.

INDIA: Ah, here is something different. Once a year the natives take a bath in the Ganges; Indian fakirs have pet cobras; British army officers play polo the year round; Bengal tigers devour babies; nabobs have white elephants; and up in Kashmir the women capture the men. Every year is Leap Year in Kashmir (which strikes us as a good title for a song).

CHINA: A nice refined country where they think nothing of chopping off your head. The last we heard from China the Northern army had routed the Southern army, or maybe it was vice versa. At any rate, they seem to have some sort of grudge against each other.

JAPAN: For complete information regarding Japan's flora and fauna, chief imports and exports, character of the people, vital statistics, etc., we refer you

to page 19, where you will find "The Dashaway Girls in The Orient."

AUSTRALIA: Uncle Bim says there are lots of kangaroos, and that the mother kangaroo really does carry her little ones in a pouch. How very, very thrilling!

SOUTH AMERICA: A friend of ours once went down there to a convention and reported a grand time, which may mean any number of things. It's quite a large place, and so far as we know is inhabited by very charming people. The Pan American Building is *such* a beautiful thing.

CENTRAL AMERICA: A fellow we know over at the State Department (a Mr. Kellogg) says that Central America is a wonderful country, especially Nicaragua.

SOUTH SEAS ISLANDS: Our Mr. Tattersall didn't know much



about this region, but said he once saw the movie "Aloma of the South Seas."

AND THAT, friends, will be all for this evening. Don't forget to come next Sunday night, when Mr. Tattersall will give a travel talk (with magic lantern slides) entitled "How They Solve the Refrigeration Problem in Iceland." No children under the age of twenty-seven will be admitted, and there will be separate performances for men and for women.



THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR ARRIVES

A Three Act Playlet

Act I: "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Act II: "You're the first man I ever kissed."

Act III: "No."

"How in the world did you ever cure your husband of sleep-walking?"

"Oh, I left the up-stairs window open one night."

"Sam is some fast guy. He makes love to a new girl every night, approximately."

"What do you mean, approximately?"

"Oh, roughly."



Tough!

First Chorus Girl: "Can you beat that for hard luck, honey?"

Second Footlight Artist: "What hard luck?"

As First Above: "Why, Florenz Ziegfeld walked unexpectedly into my dressing room today and I had every stitch on."



"How can I take a long trip at a small cost?"

"Jingle the money in your pockets in Chicago."



MAN AFFECTED BY THE TRAVEL BUG



American girls complain because they have to walk back occasionally, but think of the poor Scotch girl, she has to walk both ways.



International Marriages

Frenchy: "What kind of a girl do you want to marry?"

Briton: "One of those U. S. A. Girls."

Frenchy: "Oh, you wish to marry an American."

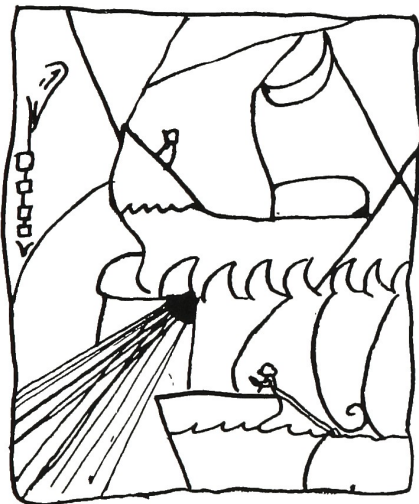
Briton: "No, just a girl with Unusual Sex Appeal."

TRAVELING IN THE TROPICS

THE UPROARIOUS ADVENTURE.
By Mr. and Mrs. Barton Judson.
Hoot and Spoofem Co., New
York. \$7.50.

DO YOU ever long to sail away across a turquoise sea to lands that white men seldom tread? Do you dream of following a mystic trail through ban-yan forests? Do you picture yourself crouched against the wall of a native hut, while a witch doctor chants his incantations over a dying woman, and pounds her with his magical charlotte russe? If you have ever imagined any or all of these things, take "The Uproarious Adventure" to bed with you to-night, guard against noise by plugging all cracks around the windows and door, turn on the gas, and go adventuring.

The Judsons have caught in an inimitable way the weird throbbing life of the jungle. In the first chapter Mrs. Judson



The return of a war party.

tells simply and unaffectedly how they decided to go to the tropics:

Dear Editors of the Ghost:

If you have ever become slightly irritated upon reading cover blurbs and other sloppy reviews of "The Glorious Adventure", "Trader Horn", and that book by Martin Johnson and his wife, whose name we cannot spell, but it means "elephant" (the book's name, not the wife's), you may appreciate the emotions with which we composed this biting satire.

Of course, on the other hand, you may not.

Very truly yours,
DOUGLASS R. HAYES
CATHERINE E. HAYES

"My husband, came in hurriedly one evening and said 'We're going to take a trip, my dear.'

"I was delighted. 'Let's go to New York,' I suggested.

"No," said Barton firmly, 'we'd better go farther than that. We'd better go to Africa, or somewhere.'

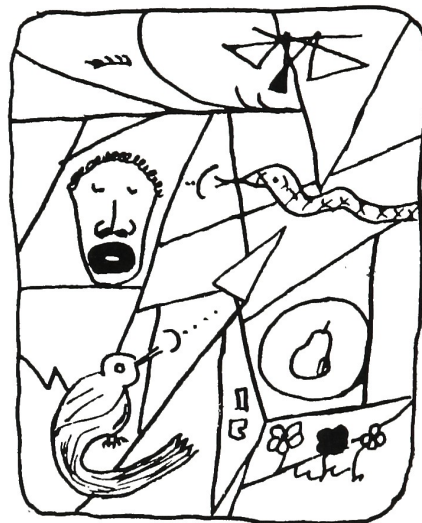
"The ability of Mr. Judson to make quick and firm decisions has stood us in good stead many times."

So the Judsons bought a trim little three-masted brig, named her The Dying Shroud, and sailed through the Golden Gate into the sunset.

"When we set forth," Mr. Judson takes up the story, "little did we dream of the adventures that lay in wait for us. I think that we would almost have turned back if we could have seen some things that were to come: the time that the Dying Shroud struck a *swishmarie*, the worst of tropical storms, and we ran short of food, and had to eat bitter little blogifish, and a kind of sea weed called spaghetti; the awful night that we spent tied to a post in a *ringa* (open space

surrounded by native huts) while the oormi girls danced around us in celebration of the hoped for goocho; the time that a herd of sampans charged us, bellowing with rage, and we had to spend three or four days in a tree before the enraged animals went away and enabled us to descend.

"But there were pleasures that



Mulese family in front of native hut.

made us more than glad that we had come. We enjoyed lying awake at night, listening to the melodious wail of the wandering yup, and the sound of wild-beestes coming down to a nearby aoom for water. We delighted in the riotous life of the jungle at early morning—the flocks of screaming purple geegaws, or ibises, the herds of noisy booli, or ring-tailed monkeys. We loved to go for miles along the leela, or trail, behind the curly headed native fules, or guides, who carried our boobla, or provisions, on their hunches, or shoulders.

"Truly it was an Uproarious Adventure."



“ . . . and as for us, my dear, we always take the Hydrophobia; the cuisine is so superb!!

“ . . . Father had the gout and Felice would linger at Newport with the Ensigns . . . Geoffrey was so tired of running his rum fleet off Miami . . . Mother at Palm Beach could not lose a pound and her ennui became extreme . . . So we all compromised on a flying trip to Paris . . . Think of it!

“ . . . For pure swank, I think it was the fifth day out, Felice cried ‘Beaver’ at the Captain . . . and the old dear invited her to his stateroom for tea and caviar au Blinis. Isn’t that too delicious?”

THAT’S the spirit of the personnel of the GIZZARD LINE. Quiet, efficient service and no back talk. The Hydrophobia (100,000 tons) sails September 14, 15 and 16.

Gizzard Line



Directions for keeping your wife. Love her better than any other woman in the world and also love her better than any other man in the world.



Father of His Country

“So George Washington slept in that bed.”

“Yes.”

“Who with?”



Chief Clerk (to college student starting government job): “Now I’ll give you an idea of the work you are to do.”

Student (making rapid exit): “What, me work? I’ll see my Congressman about this.”



According to our good friend Rodney Tattersall, the proof of the petting is in the heating.



He: “When may I see more of you?”

She: “Oh, in the suite by and by.”

Wide Experience

Casting director: "What experience have you had?"

Applicant: "I was the fellow that called up on the telephone in the third act of our senior play."

~*~

Dear Editor:

I went out with a young man a couple of nights ago and drank a pint of gin, three Scotch highballs, a quart of moonshine, a glass of corn, and two coffee royals. Did I do anything wrong?

Anxious.

Answer: We hope not. Please send name, address, and phone number for a more extended reply.

~*~

Goo!

Baby: Uggle wuggle oppy zip gawaak?

Fond momma: No darling, you are mistaken. That is George Washington University.

~*~

They rope off the aisles at a wedding so the bride-groom can't get away.

~*~

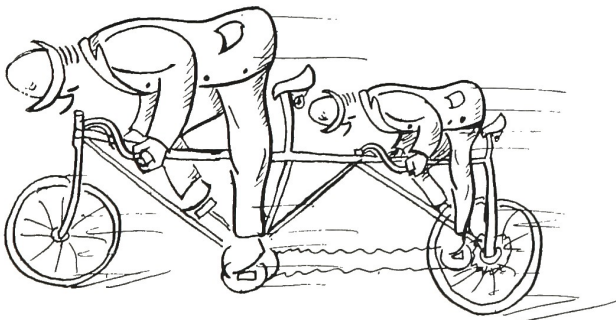
Who Doesn't

"Alphonse is extremely religious."

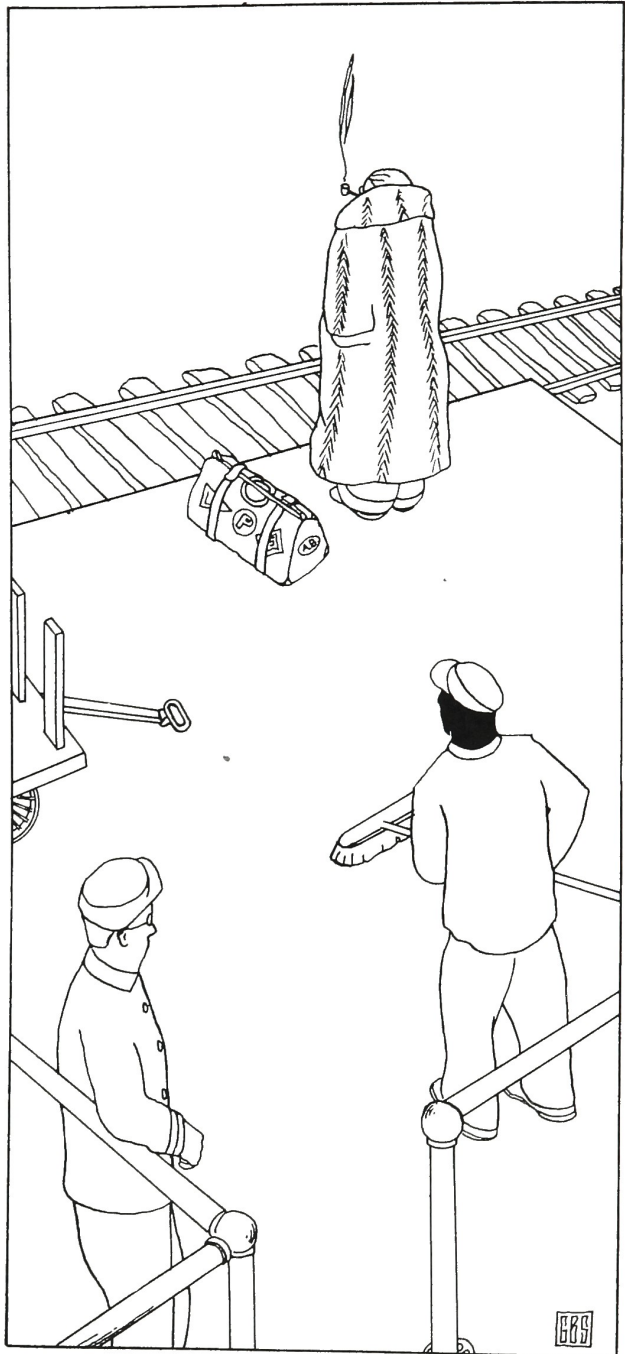
"How come?"

"He observes the hangover frequently."

~*~



"Do you like to ride in tandem, Arbuthnot?"
"I prefer Rock Creek Park, Montrose."



"You can always tell a college boy, eh Rastus?"

"Yessuh! but not much."

~*~

Close Shave

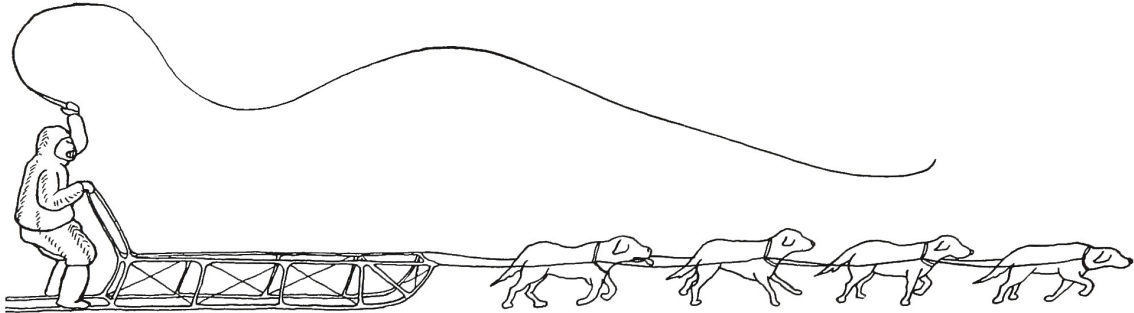
"We came awfully close to picking up a girl last night."

"How's that?"

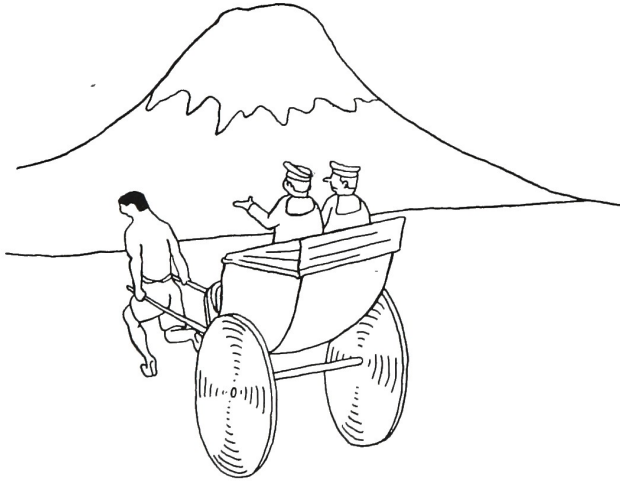
"Eddie asked her if she wanted to take a ride, but she said 'No'."

The World Travels [and how]

By Gordon Scheibell



IN THE FAR NORTH: Here is Mr. Njmddki hot-footing it home with his trusty team of huskies after a late session at the Arctic Pool and Poker Club. Mr. Njmddki is mentally encountering Mrs. Njmddki upon his arrival at the igloo. From the way Mr. Njmddki cu'ses and beats the dogs, the story about staying with a sick friend must not be getting over so big with the Mrs.



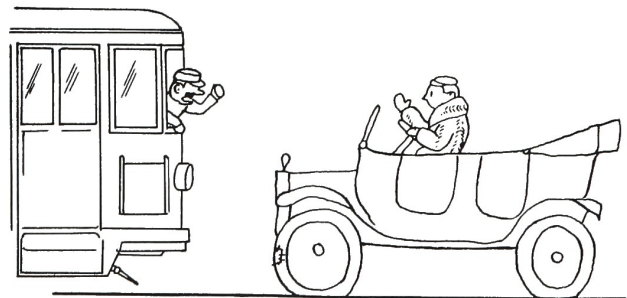
IN JAPAN: Two American sailors on shore leave who are doing their best to live up to Navy life as depicted in "Join The Navy" posters.



IN BERLIN: This is Herr Furscht off on his bicycle for a day's work at the pretzel factory. Herr Furscht has but recently won first honors at the National Pretzel Bender's Tournament, which accounts for his air of entire satisfaction with life.



PARKING IN VENICE: A gondola has certain advantages.



AND AT HOME: Our own Dick Rollo, who is fast becoming a hardened cynic what with the utter unreasonableness of street car motormen and such.

THE DASHAWAY GIRLS IN THE ORIENT

Or How Maisie Pettingill Lost One Of Her Garters

Chapter 1

MAISIE PETTINGILL and Nettie Henshaw had been friends even since they had started in kindergarten together. Maisie was a fairly attractive girl—knock-kneed, sawed-off and underfed, while Nettie was hammered-down, pigeon-toed and cock-eyed. Nettie's father was a window washer, that is, he was before he fell from the forty-second story of the Woolworth Building.

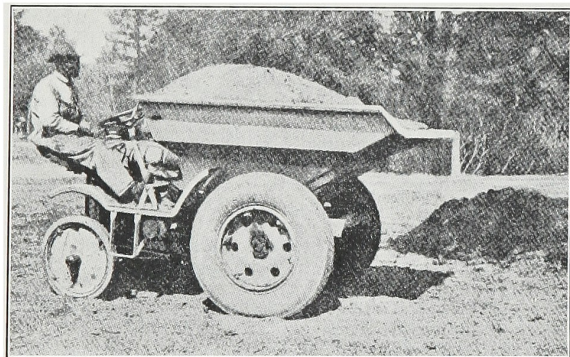
On the eve of their graduation from Miss Brown's School for Wayward Girls, both Nettie and Maisie had decided to open a tea shop in Tokyo. "Not many people in America enjoy tea," they reasoned, "but in Tokyo everybody goes in for it." This just goes to show that both of them had an eye for business.

Ah, but that was before Whitney invented his cotton gin.

Chapter 2

I THINK Tokyo is such a charming place, I mean I actually do," said Maisie to her friend Nettie, as they were walking down a street in Tokyo one day in June.

"Yeah," rejoined Nettie, "it's so quaint. Back in America when people like each other they kiss and neck, but here they rub noses."



Cherry blossom time in Tokyo

"Golly," countered Maisie, with a cinder in her eye, "it would sure be unromantic if you had a bad cold."

Maisie was the wittier of the two, as the reader can well see.

Chapter 3

IN DUE TIME the girls purchased a tea shop, which they renamed "Ye Tea Shoppe". From the very first day they did a rushing business, for they made it a practice to give each customer a coupon

who bought over fifteen cents worth of tea. The customers would save these, and when they had accumulated 2,500 of them they would bring them back to the tea shop. What happened after that is not definitely known, but you can rest assured



Cherry blossom time in Tokyo

that everybody had a good time. Queer people, these Japs.

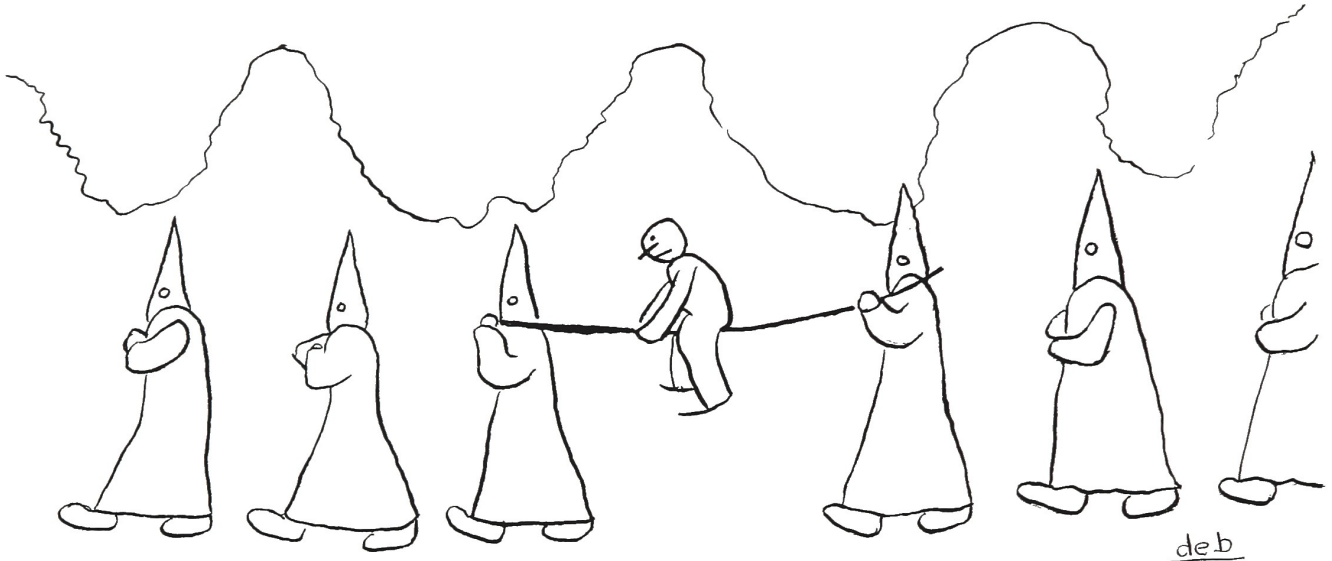
Another innovation which the girls introduced to the almond-eyed Orientals was that of Toasted Cheese Sandwiches. They would sell these delicacies for 15c, or two for 35c. Sometimes they would fool the people and not put any cheese between the bread. The Japs often suspected something was wrong, but they didn't want to complain.

Chapter 4

ONE DAY in June, when the cherry blossoms were to be seen everywhere, the U.S.S. Hot-sy-Totsy docked at Tokyo, and with a wild whoop the American bluejackets staggered ashore to take in the city. It was only natural that they should find their way to "Ye Tea Shoppe".

Imagine their consternation when they discovered the toasted cheese sandwiches didn't have any cheese in them. Were they mad! Whew! Before the girls could stop them the enraged fellows had completely wrecked the place, and that was the end of "Ye Tea Shoppe." However, things came out all right in the end, for in the scuffle Maisie was betrothed to a sailor named Coolidge, and Nettie married another, who gave his name as William Howard Taft.

Maisie says she has learned her lesson, and is going to settle down. Nettie claims she didn't know so much happiness existed for her. They now live in Yokohama, where they sleep under two blankets every night.



Quaint Old Systems of Travel:
THE SOUTH

Fatherly Advice

Our advice to young wives:
If you **MUST** shoot your husbands shoot them while you are still young enough to vamp a jury.



"There sure are a lot of children in this hotel."

All That's Necessary

"You don't speak Spanish.
How did you manage to make yourself understood in Cuba?"
"I just pointed to the labels."

Man (in barber chair):
"Ouch, you cut my face."
Barber: "Gosh, now I'll have to give you cut rates."

"My wife's just run away with a friend of mine."
"Was he good looking?"
"Dunno. Never saw him."

Bertie: "I traveled a long way for nothing last night."
Gertie: "How come?"
Bertie: "I went to the Frat Prom."

King: "My wife can be an angel when she wants to be."
Alfred: "Mine will be if she doesn't watch out."

Gladys: "Is your new boy friend quite proper?"

Dorothy: "I'll say he is. Why he won't neck in the town car unless we are inside of the city limits."



"That's nothing; think of all the men and women."



WINTERSMOON

We should apologize for touting Walpole so extensively in this column, but fiction is not what it used to be and the new books are surprisingly lacking in quality.

Wintersmoon is a study of modern England with its decadent nobility and the new youth. The author betrays no little concern over the future of the Empire but apparently wishes to convince his readers that the good old Anglo-Saxon blood will tell when it comes to a show down.

The name of the book is taken from the estate of Wildhern Poole, a young marquis who proposes a marriage of convenience to Janet Grandison, who accepts for her sister Rosalind's sake. This furnishes the love interest, but the charm of the novel lies in the settings and the picture of the solid nobility which is dry as dust, but which all writers maintain is the bulwark of English civilization.

The conflict between this old established group represented by Janet and her husband's family, and the radicals or restless

AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber

"Casey Jones was a . . ."



One of the many good John Held Jr. woodcuts appearing in *My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions*, by Frank Shay (The Macaulay Co.), being a remarkable collection of old American folk songs.

youth which is led by Rosalind and her boy friends, is the main theme of the book and is exceptionally well-handled throughout.

THOSE ROMANTIC DAYS

CRUSADE—By Donn Byrne.

UTHER AND IGRAINE—By Warwick Deeping.

THE BLADE OF PICARDY—By Fred McLaughlin.

We waded through three tales of medieval fiction to determine the basis for their recent popularity, but reached no conclusion

except that they will probably always exist and there isn't much to be done about it.

Donn Byrne chooses an Irish hero in the time of the Crusades, who went Mohammedan; Deeping takes an English knight and lady in the days before King Arthur; while the last author comes almost to our day by using Maximilians's fated Empire in Mexico. Although this is rather modern, the scene might just as well have been laid in the days of Sabatini's researches for we have never read anything so like the romantic Rafael before.

Warwick Deeping is cashing in on his recent popularity by having this volume, first published in 1922, included in the famous Blue Jade collection of Knopf. It is neither better nor worse than the least of his novels and not so good as Sorrell and Son.

Crusade is written in the inimitable Byrne style, which is one of its best points. Although we have an aversion for Irish lore, this has no dialect and is quite inoffensive.

SOME NEW BOOKS

MEAT (Harper & Bros.). By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Morbid psychological novel of the New England conscience.

MEET MR. MULLINER (Doubleday Doran). By P. G. Wodehouse. Same old humor in nine short stories.

HOME TO HARLEM (Harper & Bros.). By Claude McKay. A negro writes about colored New York.

THE LEGION OF THE DAMNED (The Century Co.). By Bennett J. Doty. The American deserter gives us the low down on the Foreign Legion.

DELUGE (Cosmopolitan Book Corp.). By S. Fowler Knight. One of these fantastic stories of the future *a la* H. G. Wells.

MR. WESTON'S GOOD WINE (The Viking Press). By T. F. Powys. A rather strange novel of English country folk.

(Continued on page 24)



TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson



THIS month's phonograph records were, as a rule, just the usual thing. Paradoxically enough, we missed one of the best ones last month, and a well-known co-ed stopped us on the campus to tell us about it. This was Paul Whiteman's record of *My Heart Stood Still* (Victor), which is still timely.

Perhaps we should start with the musical comedies. For example, *Show Boat* is well represented. Brunswick has *Ol' Man River* and *Why Do I Love You*, played by Kenn Sisson and His Orchestra. Whiteman has a fine record of *Ol' Man River* (Victor); and we were very much pleased by Helen Morgan's vocal record of *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man* (Victor). Isn't it a haunting melody? Don Voorhees' rendition of the last two named is perhaps the best of all these (Columbia).

The new records from Rosalie, Ziegfeld's new show, with Gershwin music, are out: *Oh Gee! Oh Joy!* and *Say So*, played by Johnny Johnson and His Hotel Statler Pennsylvanians (Victor). Take *The Air* intrigues us. We wonder just what sort of musical comedy it is. The records are: *We'll Have a New Home*, played by Ben Selvin and His Orchestra (Columbia), *Maybe I'll Baby You*, by Waring's Pennsylvanians (Victor). 'S *Wonderful and Funny Face* are featured by Bernie Cummins



George Olsen and His Music

and his outfit (Brunswick). Well worth hearing.

Then there are *For Ever and Ever*, and *Rain and Shine*, by Jack Yellen and Milton Ager, the inseparable two, from a show called *Rain and Shine*, and played by the Troubadours (Victor). This outfit is *not* the George Washington bunch, by the way.

We might mention the vocal records. There is *Mine, All Mine*, sung by Peggy English (Brunswick), which is fair. After *My Laughter Came Tears* is sung by Cliff Edwards (Columbia), good if you care for Cliff Edwards. Columbia also has Ruth Etting singing *Varsity Drag*—decidedly good—and Vaughn DeLeath and Franklyn Baur doing *Up In The Clouds*.

BEST

My Heart Stood Still
(Whiteman's big record)
(Victor)

Ol' Man River (Columbia)
Chloe (Brunswick)

Keep Sweeping the Cobwebs Off the Moon (Columbia)

Ramona (Victor)

Among My Souvenirs
(Brunswick)

A bit syrupy. The Crescent Trio is wonderful in *Bungalow of Dreams* (Victor). Didn't care at all for the Bessie Brown, who sings *Chloe*. (Brunswick). More of *Chloe* later.

Nick Lucas, a Brunswick singer, is up to snuff in his recording of *The Song Is Ended*. If you like the Duncan Sisters, and we do, you will enjoy *Lickens* (Victor). And, in just a bit more serious vein, there is a remarkable record of *Among My Souvenirs*, sung by Reinald Werrenrath, and recorded by Victor.

Ramona is just about as good a dance record as we have heard this month. It is played by Whiteman. The same pudgy Paul also does *Back In Your Own Back Yard*—not quite so hot. Ben Bernie (Brunswick) plays *Mine—All Mine*, to a fare-you-well, and does even better with *Changes*, which *Judette* professes to like. And Ted Lewis has got around to making a record of *Keep Sweeping The Cobwebs Off the Moon*, with Ruth Etting singing (Columbia). But we don't care for the other side. Really, Ted can overdo that hokum of his. Did, however, like *My New York*, played by Mal Hallett and orchestra (Columbia); it is rather reminiscent of the New York song in Victor Herbert's *Red Mill*. *Auf Wiederseh'n* (Victor) is up to Jacques Renard's usual standard, and we can rec-

(Continued on page 27)

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? : : : By BRIGGS

WHEN YOUR THROAT TICKLES
WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE
MORNING AND A
CIGARETTE TASTES
TERRIBLE!



-AND YOU HAVE MORE
COUGHS THAN A SECOND
HAND CAR HAS RATTLES



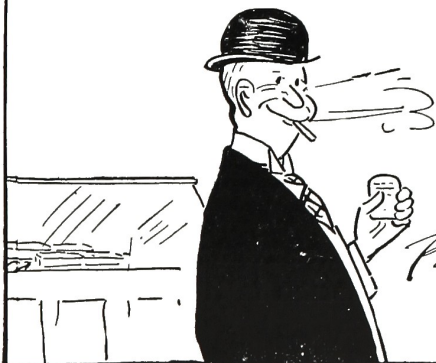
- AND YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO FEEL THAT YOU OUGHT
TO CUT DOWN ON YOUR
CIGARETTES



-AND THEN A FRIEND TELLS
YOU THAT YOU'RE SMOKING
THE WRONG BLEND



-AND YOU SWITCH TO OLD
GOLDS AND FIND THERE
ISN'T A COUGH IN A
CARLOAD!



-OH-H-H- BOY! AIN'T
IT A GR-R-R-RAND
AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS
FEELIN'?!?



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

15¢



AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from Page 21)

SHOW CASES (Macy-Masius).

By Jacques Le Clercq. Page Sigmund Freud.

THE SAVOUR OF LIFE (Double-day Doran). By Arnold Bennett. This Bennett person stops at nothing. Essays about everything from hotels to new fiction.

For those who are really going abroad this year:

LADIES THIRD (Duffield & Co.).

By Mary Lena Wilson. Six weeks in Europe for \$660.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO FRANCE (Houghton Mifflin Co.). By Clare E. Laughlin. Some things you ought to do and see.

THE INNOCENTS IN PARIS (Appleton & Co.). By C. E. Andrews. Somé more travel sketches.



He: "What kind of rouge is that?"

She: "Kissproof."

He: "Aw gee, and here I was all set to kiss you."



Guide (proudly): "And this—this is the Castle of Sternfels."

Tourist: "Yeh? What pitcher was it built for?"

Guide: "But my dear fellow, this schloss was erected in 1392."

Tourist: "Well, I never did care for them early films."



After the Prom

He: "It's pretty late. I hope you'll pardon me for keeping you out most of the night."

She: "Don't mention it."

Come Bossy!

"Why do you like to milk contented cows?"

"They can't kick."



High Finance

Bosworth: "May I have the next dance with Lucile?"

Cogswell: "I don't mind letting you have her for one dance, but how do I know I'll get her back?"

Bosworth: "Oh, I'll give you a first mortgage on any of my blonds as security."



Co-Ed: "Do you ALWAYS keep two hands on the steering wheel?"

Boy Friend: "Certainly."

Co-Ed: "All right, but let me know in case you need your handkerchief."



Travel Note

"Do you know why the Swiss wear woolen underwear?"

"Spill it."

"They climb so much."



Yoo Hoo!

"Where you going?"

"Sleigh-riding with my girl."

"Ah, the call of the wild."



THE THEATRE

AS YOU may have surmised, Mr. Milligan and his page on The Theatre are not with us this month. We have just heard that he was killed by a street car; if such is the case his next month's contribution will tell us all about the theatrical situation in the hot place.

School

LITERATURE

Camp

UNDIVIDED RESPONSIBILITY!

COMPLETE


**A
D
V
E
R
T
I
S
I
N
G**

The

**READ-
TAYLOR
Co.**



Copy
Plans
Ideas
Layouts
Art Work
Typography
Engraving
Embossing
Printing
Folding
Binding
Mailing


CALVERT
1800-1801
1802-1803
1804-1805
P. B. X.

• SERVICE •

Producers of the "Ghost"

School

YEAR BOOKS

Camp

Let Columbia Do Your Serenading



If you feel a bit backward about running around after dark, singing under windows, let Columbia do your serenading.

On Columbia New Process Records, made the new way—Electrically, Viva-tonal Recording, you will find just the music you want, when you want it—vocal or instrumental. Let the world's greatest artists deliver your message in the latest, most approved style. There are some great tonics for spring fever at your Columbia dealer's. Visit him and get a prescription. While you're there listen to these:

Record No. 1296-D, 10-inch, 75c.

The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
Good Night Waltzes

Ted Lewis and His Band

Record No. 1295-D, 10-inch, 75c.

Mary Ann
Together Vocals

Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards)

Record No. 1303-D, 10-inch, 75c.

There Must Be a Silver Lining
Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella on a Rainy Day
Vocals

Lee Morse and Her Blue Grass Boys

Record No. 1308-D, 10-inch, 75c.

Sunshine
After My Laughter Came Tears Fox Trots
Ipana Troubadours (S. C. Lanin—Director)

Columbia Phonograph Company
1819 Broadway, New York City

Columbia

"NEW PROCESS" RECORDS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Made the New Way—Electrically
Viva-tonal Recording - The Records without Scratch

SCHUBERT CENTENNIAL
Organized by
Columbia Phonograph
Company



LIKE ALL OF THEM

"This," said the salesman, "is really a great little lighter. Of course it's much more trouble than lighting a match, but then it only takes twice as long!"

The Freshman purchaser departed, well pleased.

—*Princeton Tiger.*



THE POOR SCOTS

The latest one on the poor Scotchman is the story of one, Sandy McTittern, who after going to church eighteen years straight, acquired the knack of bounding his penny on the collection plate so that it flipped back into his hand.

—*Colgate Banter.*



YES, WHO?

"My old gent can mix the smoothest cock-tails you ever saw."

"Who the Hell wants to look at them."

—*Brown Jug.*



The Touch System

Craig: "I feel as if I'd known you for years."

Marie: "You certainly do."

—*W. & L. Mink.*



She Didn't Walk Home

"I had a date with a college boy last night."

"What did you do?"

"Migosh, Maurine, haven't you ever been out with a college boy?"

—*Rice Owl.*

Worst Pun So Far

First Artist: "Whadya know?"
Second Boozer: "Nothin' nude."

—Pitt Panther.



Wandering Eyes

She: "How do you like my hat?"
He (absently): "Fine! But do you realize
that you have a run in one of them?"

—Utah Humbug.

A Puzzled Co-ed No More

My wardrobe troubles are at an end,
And to the prom I can attend.
With a smart new frock so youthfully gay,
And it all happened in an exciting way.
Someone told me at Jelleff's I could find,
The very frock that I had in mind.
Therefore, to let you share my secret too,
I'm getting the "Ghost" to tell it to you.

Jelleff's
A FASHION INSTITUTION
Paris Washington New York

TIMELY TUNES

[Continued from page 22]

commend *Away Down South in Heaven*, by the Virginians (Victor)—a sweet lyric, but good music. Among *My Souvenirs* (of course, says Joe Walstrom at our elbow), is done by Abe Lyman's California Orchestra (Brunswick), and not so badly at that.

We should mention *Chloe*, the Song of the Swamp, played by the Colonial Club Orchestra (Brunswick), unusual and clever. The same outfit gets away quite well with *Tomorrow*.

As for serious music, we were simply bowled over by the *Fire Bird* suite (*L'Oiseau de Feu*) of Stravinsky, played by Leo Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra (Victor). This includes the *Dance of the Fire Bird* and *Dance of the Princesses*, the *Dance of King Kastchei* and the *Berceuse*, and the *Entr'acte* from Moussorgsky's *Khovantchina*. Sometimes we lose the thread in the earlier parts of the suite, but the *Berceuse* is very intelligible, though it would wake any baby, far from putting it to sleep. Best *berceuse* since Jocelyn. Of course there is nothing in music like the *Entr'acte* from *Khovantchina*, which we think is superior to anything in *Boris Godunov*.

The influence of Russian music cannot be underestimated, and it is safe to say that modern music has not made Stravinsky, but Stravinsky is making modern music. Here goes for a wild dictum: the jazz influence and the Oriental influence are the most potent forces in our musical life today.

And we wonder sometimes if anybody reads *Timely Tunes*.

Buy the "Timely Tunes" at

GORDON'S

1710 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.

Victrolas · Records · Radios



Franklin 9587



Fletcher and Fox Inc.
MENS WEAR

"For the Man Who Cares"
CLOTHING FOR THE COLLEGIATE
1129 Fourteenth St., N. W.

you'd really be surprised

at the large number of
g. w. students who are
regular patrons of the

little theatre

on 9th street between f and g



[Adams 128]

And That's That

She (sitting out one): "Are you a musician?"

He (sitting out too): "No, why?"

She: "Then stop fiddling around."

—Lafayette Lyre.



He Certainly Is

"You heard of the guy that has been on forty-three honeymoons?"

"Yeh, he's sort of a first-nighter, as it were."

—Orange Owl.

Conclusion

It's
too bad
one bad
girl
can live
and give
a
good boy
such joy
that
you see
that he
is
to be
as she
is:
two bad

—W. & L. Mink.

CLOTHES

Ready-made

And Cut to Order

**ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.**



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Topcoats



Out Of Touch

Old Man (in Pullman, speaking to dinge porter): "Rastus, what's your berth rate?"

Rastus (shuffling his dogs): "I don't know, sah; I hasn't been home for a week."

—Cynic.



The Servant Problem

Housewife (interviewing the new maid): "And have you ever been parlor-maid?"

New Maid (coily): "No Mum. But that's the only place I haven't."

—Lafayette Lyre.

CORRECT APPAREL for UNIVERSITY MEN

Here at this old established house, University men will find complete assortments of clothing and furnishings in the prescribed mode for this season.

PARKER-BRIDGET CO.

NATIONALLY KNOWN STORE

The Avenue at Ninth

Washington, D. C.

Cafeteria - Buffet - Cafeteria

711 13th St., N. W.—1427 F St., N. W.—1429 F St., N. W.



A. R. LOFSTRAND

Franklin 10466

EDGEWORTH

- PART OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION



*The Aristocrat
of Smoking Tobaccos*

LARUS & BRO. CO. -- RICHMOND, VA.

A Good Habit

"Why do you cross your legs?"

"I got the habit from Luther Burbank."

—Iowa Frivol.



Make It Two

First Class: "Is this candy good?"

Clerk: "Is it good? Why it's as pure and sweet as the girl of your dreams?"

First Class: "I'll have a pack of gum!"

—Annapolis Log.



Special Sunday Dinner \$1.00

Special Thursday Dinner 75c



The McReynolds Coffee Shoppe

Eighteenth Street above G



Breakfast — Luncheon — Dinner
Cafeteria and Service



Ad: "A penny for your thoughts."

Alyne: "They're worth a nickel, dear."

Ad: "I get you — Life Savers take your breath away."

And Malted Milk

Art Student: "How many kinds of milk are there?"

Professor: "Why, there's condensed milk, evaporated milk—but why do you ask?"

Art Student: "Well, I am drawing a picture of a cow, and I just wanted to know how many faucets to put on her."

—*Arizona Kitty-Kat.*



Help! Help!

Man in elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Operator: "Here you are son."

Man in elevator: "How dare you call me son? You're not my father."

Operator: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

—*Aggievator.*



Go!

"Why the green-beaded hat tonight, Lydia?"

"Got a date with the traffic cop down on the corner."

—*Kansas Sour Owl.*



No Comeback

Her (at dance): Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later): Been waiting long?

Him: No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

—*Sour Owl.*



Har! Har! Har!

"And Jack yelled, 'Your petticoat's showing!' Laugh! I thought I'd die! Jack is SO naive!"

—*Princeton Tiger.*

Ancient Inconveniences

"What did Mark Antony say to Cleopatra when he found out she had no bathrooms in her palace?"

"Why, Cleo, how uncanny!"

—*Chicago Phoenix.*

Can't Be Bothered

She: "Don't you think the stars are wonderful?"

He: "I'm not in a position to say!"

—*Sniper.*

Wanted—One More Missionary

The missionary from the Broad Street Baptist Church to darkest Africa had impressed upon his dusky audience the dangers of drink, of dice, of Sunday picture shows and of the new style bonnets. His audience accepted everything meekly until he commenced his denunciation of the Black Bottom. At the first insinuations of immodesty an old buck arose at the back of the circle and said—"Don't mind him, folks. These missionaries should be taken with a grain of salt." And they did—literally.

—*Virginia Reel.*

A New One

She: "Now, what are you stopped for?"

He: "I've lost my bearings."

She: "Well, at least you are original. Most fellows run out of gasoline."

—*Missouri Outlaw.*

How Could You

The tramp approached a door marked Dr. Roberts, and knocked. A lady answered the summons and he inquired politely: "Has the Doc an old pair of pants, or two, that he could let me have, missus?"

"No," the lady answered sweetly, "they wouldn't fit you."

"Are you sure?" he questioned.

"Quite sure," was the reply. "You see, I'm the Doctor."

—*Toronto Goblin.*

It's Not Fair

One Pi Phi: "I'm mad at Jack. He knows so many naughty songs."

Another: "Does he sing them to you?"

Ditto Frat: "No, he just whistles the tunes."

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*



For Sale—To College Men and Women A Month of Romance

All-Expenses

\$375

INCLUDES:
Ocean Passage
Sight-seeing
Good Hotels
Usual Meals
All Tips Abroad

TO SEE:

Montreal
Quebec
Liverpool
Stratford-on-Avon
Warwick
Kenilworth
Thames Valley
Windsor
Eton
London
Dover
Ostend
Bruges
Brussels
Paris
Normandy
Cherbourg

NEXT summer! Up in Montreal a swift ocean liner awaits us, to sail Europe-ward with a happy group of college-age men and women who will "do" Europe in a campus-like atmosphere of informal good fellowship, under the auspices of *College Humor* Magazine.

Down the majestic St. Lawrence and across the Atlantic we'll sail, with a dance band from a famous American college to furnish music. The week's voyage will be a memorable "house party at sea."

Then Europe!—with three days in London, plenty of time for The Shakespeare Country and Oxford, busy days in Belgium, and Paris for five glorious days and six tumultuous nights!

All travel arrangements by the Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau, originators of the famous "Collegiate Tours." Membership is limited. For full details, hurry us the coupon below.

College Humor's COLLEGIATE TOUR to EUROPE



MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS

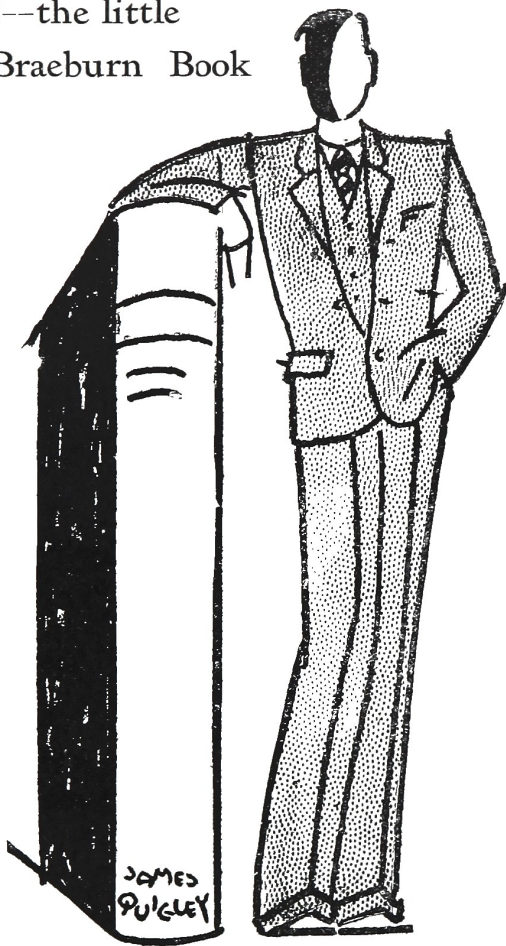
COLLEGE HUMOR, 1050 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me complete information regarding College Humor's Collegiate Tour to Europe.

Name _____

Address _____

FREE—the little
Red Braeburn Book



What Every College Man Should Know

Come in today or tomorrow, or any old
time, for a copy of the 1928 edition of the

Braeburn Book



*A book full of vital facts and statistics that
answers with ease questions that perplex
even the faculty.*

Besides leaving space for the present size of your hat, and the motor number of your car, it contains such valuable data as one would expect to find in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, or the New York World Almanac. About thirty pages are left for important names and addresses, such as one keeps in red books. The alphabetical classification of good numbers alone is worth the price of admission, which in your particular case is nothing.

These books are now in the Frat House. Simply come in and ask one of the salesmen for your copy. We even give them to Freshmen.

There is no joke—not even a little one. Only we reserve the right to ask you if you

do not care to look over the Braeburn University Clothes for Spring. They are very smart. You don't have to look at them if you don't want to, but we believe you will, because college men seldom fail to give good numbers the once over.

The Frat House

The Hecht Co. , F St.

The GHOST'S

Farewell Number

will appear May 2nd



WE won't make any rash predictions at this time, but our advice to you is to mark this date on the calendar - - -



SEEK YE NO FURTHER, DIOGENES

THIS jobbie Diogenes was a Greek who left his fruit stand for the commendable purpose of questing for honesty by good old-fashioned lamp-light. And now, loud and ever clearer, rings the cry from the housetops: "Diogenes—throw away your lantern . . . here's an honest cigarette! Have a Camel!"

Camels have but one raison d' être—to pack the smoke-spots of the world with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Fill your own smoke-spot with a cool cloud of Camel smoke, and hear it sing out—"Eureka!" (from the Greek, "Eureka," meaning—"Oboy, here 'tis!").